

4421

Seebpore

Tuesday the -th
having lost count of
date through living in
wilderness please excuse

Jan. 20th 1898

My dear Pippa

We are still in
camp and have done about
five miles, up to Seebpore,
where we ~~are~~ now are in
the tent. It is pitched in
a large 'tope' of mango
trees outside the village
near a large tank and
all around is the coral

strand and palmy plain of
the hymn very incongruously
~~covered~~ with tall chimneys
smoking and heaps of coal
dust. We lead a sort of
early Christian life, getting
up by lamplight & going to
bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight, & engaged
during the day in following
the straight & narrow way.

The only thing of interest
we have yet passed ^{is} was a

small space of ground covered
with ashes and strewn around
with skulls and human bones.
This gruesome spot is the
hindoo churchyard of the
village where the corpses are
cremated. It looks just as
if there has been a cannibal
feast there.

I am afraid this letter
has a strong resemblance
to the Oliverian Summerfieldian

style of epistle but there
is nothing more to say so

Goodbye

Yr loving

Ralph

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